



THE

CASKET.

“ With sweetest flowers enrich’d,  
From various gardens cull’d with care.”

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BY CHARLES CANDID.

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### THE SWISS CAPTAIN.

A certain Swiss captain of grenadiers, whose company had been cashiered, was determined, since Mars had no more employment for him, to try if he could not procure a commission in the corps of Venus; or, in other words, if he could not get a wife: and as he had no fortune of his own, he reasoned, and reasoned very justly, it was quite necessary his intended should have enough for them both. The captain was one of that kind of heroes to whom the epithet of hectoring blade might readily be applied; he was nearly six feet high, wore a long sword, and fiercely-cocked hat; add to which, he was allowed to have the most martial pair of whiskers of any grenadier in the company to which he had belonged. To curl these whiskers, to comb and twist them round his fore finger, and to admire them in the glass, formed the chief occupation and delight of his life. A man of these accomplishments, with the addition of bronze and rhodomontade, of which he had a superfluity, stands at all times, and in all countries, a good chance with the ladies, as the experience of I know not how many thousand years has confirmed.

Accordingly, after a little diligent attention and artful inquiry, a young lady was found, exactly such a one as we may well suppose a person of his views would be glad to find. She was tolerably handsome, not more than

three and twenty, with a good fortune ; and what was the best part of the story, this fortune was entirely at her own disposal.

Our captain, who thought now or never was the time, having first found means to introduce himself as a suitor, was incessant in his endeavours to carry his cause. His tongue was eternally running in praise of her super-superlative, never-to-be-described charms : and in hyperbolical accounts of the flames, darts, and daggers, by which his heart, liver, and midriff, were burn up, transfix-ed and gnawed away. He who, in writing a song to his sweetheart, described his heart to be without one drop of gravy, like an overdone mutton-chop, was a fool at a simile when compared to our hero.

One day, as he was ranting, kneeling, and beseeching his goddess to send him of an errand to pluck the diamond from the nose of the great Mogul, and present it to her divinityship, or suffer him to step and steal the empress of China's enchanted slipper, or the queen of Sheba's cockatoo, as a small testimony of what he would undertake to prove his love ; she, after a little hesitation addressed him thus :

" The protestations which you daily make, captain, as well as what you say at present, convince me there is nothing you would not do to oblige me : I, therefore, do not find much difficulty in telling you I am willing to be yours, if you will perform one thing which I shall request of you."

" Tell me immaculate angel," cried our son of gunpowder, " tell me what it is ; though, before you speak, be certain it is already done. Is it to find the seal of Solomon ? To catch the phoenix ? Or draw your chariot to church with unicorns ? What is the impossible act I will not undertake ?"

" No, captain," replied the fair one, " I shall enjoin nothing impossible. The thing I desire, you can do with the utmost ease. It will not cost you five minutes' trouble. Yet, were it not for your so positive assurances, I should, from what I have observed, almost doubt of your compliance."



"Ah, madam!" returned he, "wrong not your slave thus; deem it impossible, that he who eats happiness, and drinks immortal life from the light of your eyes, can ever demur the thousandth part of a semi-second to execute your omnipotent behests: speak! say! what, empress, what must I perform?"

"Nay, for that matter, 'tis a mere trifle; only to cut off your whiskers, captain; that's all."

"Madam!....(be so kind, reader, as to imagine the captain's astonishment,) "my whiskers!.....cut off my whiskers!.....excuse me!.....cut off my whiskers!.....madam!.....any thing else.....any thing that mind can, or cannot imagine, or tongue describe. Bid me fetch your Prester John's beard, a hair at a time, and 'tis done. But, for my whiskers, you must grant me a salvo there."

"And why so, good captain? Surely any gentleman who had but the tythe of the passion you express, would not stand upon such a trifle?"

"A trifle, madam?....my whiskers a trifle! no madam, no....my whiskers are no trifle. Had I but a single regiment of fellows whisk-and like me, I myself would be the grand Turk of Constantinople. My whiskers, madam, are the last thing I should have supposed you would have wished me to sacrifice. There is not a woman, married or single, maid, wife, or widow, that does not admire my whiskers."

"May be so, sir; but if you marry me, you must cut them off."

"And is there no other way? Must I never hope to be happy with you unless I part with my whiskers?"

"Never," replied the fair one. "Why then, madam, farewell: I would not part with a single hair of my whiskers, if Catherine the czarina, empress of all the Russias, would make me king of the Calmucs; and so, good morning to you."

Had all the young ladies in like circumstances, equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves, with equal ease, of the interested and unprincipled coxcombs by whom they are pestered; they all have their whiskers; and seek for fortunes, to be able to cultivate, not cut them off.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

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*For the Casket.*

FRIEND CANDID,

Timothy Aimwell has undertaken to animadvert on the present fashionable education of the fair sex, but has forgotten to make mention of those amusements, which are so much in vogue ; and which, no doubt, have great influence in forming the minds of our "Hudson Belles ;" fearing that he may not think the subject worthy of notice, I beg leave to trouble you with a short account of a party which I recently attended.

A few days since my cousin Clarinda sent me an invitation to take tea, with a number of ladies and gentlemen at her house, which I accepted. On entering the room I was almost struck dumb with the blaze of beauty which flashed before my eyes. I am an *Old Bachelor*, Mr. Candid, but at the sight of the charming creatures, who were present, I felt as happy as the youngest beau in the company. After recovering the shock, I had leisure to survey the company, who were seated after the good old fashion, of my younger days—the ladies on one side of the room, and the gentlemen on the other. In one corner sat two cronies of mine, Jack Laconic and Dick Edgeless. These gentlemen are Bachelors, like myself ; are well known at tea-parties, and are notorious for maintaining an inflexible silence, (except towards each other,) whenever they are sober.

At parties, of this kind, they generally sit together, and show their wit during the evening, on making comments upon the company. Notwithstanding their conduct may appear strange to you, I assure you, sir, they are not only wits themselves, but, like Jack Falstaff, are the cause of wit in others. Next to these distinguished characters, was seated honest Tom Pironot, a greater part of whose life has been passed between heaven and earth. The ladies are all in love with him—for no one can cut the pigeon wing like Tommy. He is well known at balls, where he generally takes the sole direction. Mine honest neighbor, Billy Groom, held him by



the button, relating a long story, respecting himself and horse, "wherein he spoke of hair breath 'scapes by flood and field." Does any one relate any thing surprising, Will is always able to furnish a story from his inventive pericranium, which shall surpass every thing which has before been related; but unfortunately he is *unable* to state the same *facts twice*. The other gentlemen present were principally young lawyers, too wise to be amused by the conversation of the ladies, and too vain of their own superior talents in conversation, to converse with any other than coxcombs, of their own profession.

The ladies, dear creatures, were perfect pictures of silence and modesty. They seldom spoke, except now and then one of them related some little tale of scandal, in a loud whisper, to her neighbour. After the tea equipage was removed it was proposed to play some game, for the purpose of promoting *sociality*; accordingly the game of *button*, immediately commenced: this set the whole company in motion; even Jack Laconic and Dick Edgeless condescended to take a part. As for Tommy, he was in his element; leaving Will in the middle of a long story, he seized the button and hopped round the room, with all the agility and grace of a dancing master—all was a scene of wild uproar and confusion. Such talking, such jostling, such squeezing, and such kissing, I have not before witnessed for twenty years. The ladies were delighted, and the gentlemen, of course, *well pleased*. After this game was finished a new one commenced; as I have never seen this latter game played before, I will give you a particular account of it. It is called the *mufti*,—a full grown gentleman is appointed the male mufti. Whatever caper he cuts, must be performed by the other gentlemen. The ladies, of course, have a female mufti. This evening they were peculiarly happy in selecting their leaders; the male mufti began his by rolling on the floor: he was immediately followed by the others. The ladies in the meantime were following their leader, on a full hop, round the room. After this the gentlemen showed their agility in throwing somersets and various other feats; and

the power of their lungs in crowing, yelling, &c. while the ladies danced, capered, and sung in concert. This game continued till about 10 o'clock in the evening, when we all dispersed, highly pleased with the party.

Such are the prevailing amusements, in polite circles at Hudson ; instead of sitting for a whole evening in stupid silence, our beaux and belles have adopted these exercises, which not only promote a *proper* intimacy between the sexes, but are healthful and rational.

BENEDICT.

Hudson, Feb. 20, 1812.



FOR THE CASKET.

MR. CANDID,

*If you think the following Essay worth an insertion you will much oblige a subscriber, by giving it a place in the Casket.*

TERRESTRIAL scenes are changing, and their orders are ever varying. The great machine of the universe never stands still : every day we live we are witnesses to innovations, some more and some less surprising ! One day we see persons at the summit of riches and honor, possessing in appearance at least, all that can render life comfortable and happy—the next, perhaps, they are plunged into the depths of poverty and disgrace and stripped of every earthly comfort !

Some unforeseen misfortune crushes them in a moment. Where persons are in this state, they often act as inconsiderate as when surrounded with grandeur.—They murmur and repine ; they sometimes go so far as to call in question the justice of their Creator, and give themselves up to the excess of despair ! This is a weakness ; did persons but rightly consider, why their circumstances *are* changed, they would think otherwise. For we never can form a true estimate of pleasure, unless we have been acquainted with pain. It would be equally impossible to estimate prosperity, in a proper manner, if we never had felt the chilling winds of adversity.



Beattie has well expressed himself, upon this subject, in the following lines :

- “ At chance or change, oh let no man complain,  
 “ Else he shall never cease to wail ;  
 “ For from th’ imperial dome, to where the swain  
 “ Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,  
 “ All feel th’ assault of fortune’s fickle gale.  
 “ Arts, empires, earth itself to change are doom’d,  
 “ Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,  
 “ And gulphs the mountains mighty mass entoom’d,  
 “ And where the Atlantic rolls, wide continents have  
 bloom’d !”

Since things are thus constituted, that innovation is necessary, why should we murmur—because we are the subjects of it ? If we *continually* complain of the insults and changes of fortune, we can never enjoy happiness ; yet, if we calmly reflect and resign ourselves to our fate we might ward off the keen edge of affliction.

FLORENTIUS.

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FOR THE CASKET.

MR. CANDID,

*The following is a quotation from “ Salmagundi.”*  
*By giving it a place in your useful paper, you will much oblige,*

Nobody.

“ *Barber’s Pole*.....Three different orders of *Shavers* in New-York ; Those who shave *Pigs* ; Those who cut beards ; and those who shave *notes of hand*. The last are the most respectable, because, in the course of a year, they make more money, and that *honestly*, than the whole corps of other *Shavers* can do in half a century ; besides, it would puzzle a common barber to ruin any man, except by cutting his throat ; whereas, your higher order of *Shavers*, your true blood-suckers of the community, seated snugly behind the curtain, in watch for prey, live on the vitals of the unfortunate, and grow rich on the ruin of thousands. Yet, this last class of *Barbers* are held in high reputation in the world ; they never offend against the decencies of life—go often to Church—

look down on honest poverty, walking on foot, and call themselves gentlemen—yea, men of honor!”



#### VARIETY.

.....

“I beg your pardon,” said the fly on the ox’s horn, “if I be *too burdensome*, I will get off.” “Give yourself no uneasiness,” replied the ox, “for be assured, I did not even know you were there.” So it is with little minded things, who imagine themselves of vast consequence amongst their neighbors. But they may be certain we hardly “knew they were there.” A man of *little mind* and *self-conceit* is very similar to another fly I heard of. Having seated himself on the top of a steeple, he exclaimed, “how immensely small every body on the earth is.” Little minds can’t see further than small eyes.

*Manufacture of paper.* It is pleasant enough to consider the changes that a linen fragment undergoes in the manufacture of paper. The finest pieces of Holland, when worn into tatters, assume a new whiteness more beautiful than their first, and often return in shape of letters to their native country. A lady’s handkerchief may be metamorphosed into a *billetdoux*, and come into her possession a second time. A beau may peruse his cravat after it is worn out, with greater pleasure and advantage than he ever did in the glass. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having officiated for some years as a towel or napkin, may become the most valuable piece of furniture in a Prince’s Cabinet.—*Addison*.

#### REMARKS.

In a mixed company let your conversation be very guarded, for, without intending it, you may say something, which a person present may consider as personal, and for which you may be obliged to make an apology.

It is not enough for a man to have merit and virtue ; but he must know how to bring himself into play.



## Apollonian Wreath.

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*For the Casket.*

MR. CANDID,

*The following "TRIBUTE" was first published in the Commercial Advertiser, and is supposed to be from the pen, of the ingenious author, of WILLIAM AND ELLEN. It is good to remember the illustrious dead, and to celebrate their praise. There could not be a more proper subject of eulogy than Dr. ABEEL. The compliment, in this little piece, is such as one enlightened Christian would pay, in his sorrow, to another. By inserting it, you will gratify one who is your sincere*

FRIEND.

### A TRIBUTE

To the Memory of one whose praise is in all the Churches.

When few young converts peans sung,  
And Zion's harps on willows hung,  
The saints began to kneel ;  
And God in answer to their cry  
Sent them a blessing from on high  
His minister, ABEEL.

It was to wake the slumb'ring ear,  
To make the thoughtless mortal fear,  
And cause the dead to feel,  
That God gave life to ev'ry sound,  
And cast a cheering lustre round  
The person of ABEEL.

His lucid mind, his glowing thought  
Conviction to a thousand brought ;  
And he could probe to heal :  
Yes, with Isaiah's spirit came,  
Like Moreb's undecaying flame,  
The shining light, ABEEL.

If "Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees,"  
How did his empire reel,

When with effectual fervent pray'r  
Against the princes of the air  
Incessant pray'd ABEEL !

Now mourns the Church with ev'ry breath  
His prematurely happy death,  
But God regards her weal :  
Zion shall in her Savior live,  
And he in richest love may give  
Another like ABEEL.

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RECEIPT FOR A COUGH.....*By Dr. Ladd.*

Much coughing, dear Phœbe, with ease you might spare,  
Much hoarseness and trouble, much head ache and care,  
If a wet parlour floor you would seldom admit,  
Or a window shov'd up in the room where you sit ;  
If abroad 'twere your rule but few moments to spend,  
When the damp shades of evening unhealthy descend ;  
But when sable night with its vapours molest,  
Be sparing of supper, be early to rest :  
Then lie in the morning as long as you please,  
While something diverts you—for nothing should tease ;  
With the steam of your hyson, if health you pursue,  
Accept, without butter, a biscuit or two ;  
When you rise, it will further the cure of your cough,  
Tho' your dress should be light, let there still be enough ;  
Serene be your passions, your temper be calm,  
Keep easy, contented, keep chearfull and warm.  
These are my directions—be this your belief,  
I'm an ign'rant old quack if they give not relief.

---

*The death song of a Cherokee Indian.*

The sun sets in night ; and the stars shun the day ;  
But glory remains, when their lights fade away.  
Begin, ye tormentors : your threats are in vain :  
For the son of Alknomack can never complain.

Remember the woods, where in ambush he lay,  
And the scalps which he bore from your nation away.  
Why do ye delay ?.....'till I shrink from my pain ?  
Know the son of Alknomack can never complain.



Remember the arrows he shot from his bow :  
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.  
The flame rises high. You exult in my pain :  
But the son of Alknomack will never complain.

I go to the land, where my father is gone :  
His ghost shall exult in the fame of his son.  
Death comes like a friend. He relieves me from pain :  
And thy son, O Alknomack, has scorn'd to complain.

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THE ROSE.—*By Cowper.*

The rose had been wash'd—lately wash'd in a show'r,  
That Mary to Anna convey'd :  
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r ;  
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd and the leaves were all wet ;  
And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,  
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,  
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it—unfit as it was  
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd ;  
And shaking it rudely, too rudely, alas !  
I snapp'd it ! it fell to the ground !

"And such," I exclaim'd, "is the pitiless part,  
"Some act by the delicate mind—  
"Regardless of wringing and breaking the heart,  
"Already to sorrow resign'd !

"This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,  
"Might have bloom'd with the owner a while ;  
"And the tear, that is wip'd with a little address,  
"May be follow'd, perhaps, with a smile !"

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EPIGRAM.

Jack eating rotten cheese, did say,  
"Like Sampson, I my thousands slay."  
"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,  
"And with the self same weapon too."

## Editor's Barret.

"Here we take our stand——"

.....

The examination and rejection, or choice of original communications for this paper is a task at once delicate, and difficult. On the one hand to admit, with ever smiling facility, every juvenile essay, which Hope or Vanity may offer, would degrade the reputation of the Casket, in the opinion of the judicious; and, on the other, to reject, with austere contempt, many a volunteer performance, offered by its trembling author as an exercise, in the hope of fostering favor and literary improvement, would justly subject the intolerant censor to the charge of rashness or wanton cruelty.

"BENEDICT" is earnestly solicited to continue his favors.

An essay "*On Dueling*," by "JUSTITIUS," is under consideration.

We cannot comply with the request of "FRANCES." It came too late for this week.

"HENRY" and "LITTLE FRANK," cannot be admitted at present.

We advise "EDWIN," and "ROMEO," to keep their communications for their own *private* amusement.

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DIED,

*In this city, on the 2d inst. Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. Chauncy Parkman, aged 6 years and 6 months.*

"Early remov'd from bleak misfortune's power,

"Here rests in death, a sweet and tender flower.

"Sleep on, sweet child, Heav'n's high, all gracious king

"Hath to eternal summer, chang'd thy spring."

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\* \* \* Distant subscribers to pay in advance.